

FLOWERS OF THE WIND



FLOWERS OF
THE WIND

BY
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CONTENTS

PERSONALIA

PAGE

TWILIGHT (<i>Canadian Magazine</i>)	9
ON THE TERRACE	11

SONGS

CHANSON DE LA VIE	15
THE MOONLIGHT SONG	16
A SONG OF LIFE	17
A SONG OF DEATH	18
THE SONG OF THE PASSION FLOWER	19
THE BALLAD OF THE BARGE	20

POTPOURRI

THE WHITE BIRDS OF ENNUI	25
THE SPRING WIND	26
AUTUMN	27
BEYOND	28
PLACE VIGER (<i>Canadian Magazine</i>)	29
DEAD LEAVES	30
THY FRIEND	31

CONTENTS

THE EMPTY NEST (<i>Canadian Magazine</i>)	PAGE
TOUT PASSE	3
SHADOWS	3
IL NE FAUT PAS PENSER	3
MEMORIES	3
THE GREY WOLF	3
LOVE THROUGH THE RAIN	3
LES AMES PERDUES	3
THE LOVE OF YOUTH	4
LOST DREAMS	4
LOST GODS	4
WILD WINGS	4
THE FLYING GALLEONS	4
FAREWELL	4

SILHOUETTES

PEPPINA	49
FLEUR DE LYS	50
AT THE CAFÉ DUVAL	51

FLOWERS

THE GARDEN OF LILIES	55
POPPIES	56
EDELWEISS (<i>University Magazine</i>)	57
MOONGLOW	58

PERSONALIA

PAGE

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

49

50

51

55

56

57

58

TWILIGHT

NIGHT falls around us;
Above the pale moon, clad in cloudy draperies,
Drifts and moves. The sounds of day have ceased.
Draw close to me
And let us sit together quietly
Just I and thee.

The twilight stirs one
Strangely. Faint hopes that dare not show themselves
by day
Emerge then. And moods oft feared, return.
Give me your hand.
Life leads through lonely ways, but I have all
Since I have thee.

Love holds thee lightly,
But fate has not a greater prize in all her store
To give man, than this understanding,
Perfect, complete.
To be close friends who see as with one eye,
Speak with one tongue.

Why are you restless?
And I have not begun to tell you all that love
Would make me. How I might touch the sky,
And still the wind,
And do fine things in the world, my spirit
Made strong through yours.

TWILIGHT

But you would withhold
Your soul aloof. Well have no fear. Each preserves his
Solitude. And to fire my spirit
By the flame of
Yours, was but my dream, dear. For you are you
And I am I.

ON THE TERRACE

THE night is fine. And you are here with me.

The many stars how bright they shine.

The wind blows a caress. And yet to-night I feel
Happiness far.

The warm wind blows. The sleepy world is still.

And you and I together stand

Upon the quiet leaves. And vaguely feel the joy

We hardly know.

The far, dark moth of wished-for happiness,

Fluttering, unseen, forever,

Beyond our human reach. Leaving us still longing,

Here in the dark.

Youth has no doubts, conquers in ignorance.

In ignorance she breasts the hill

And takes the lonely height. To lay her life at last

Upon the grass.

But age has doubts. She knows the wasting moon,

The careless world. And guards her love

Lest it should ache in vain. And will not breathe her
heart

Upon the wind.

Yes, I fear age— Your scarf, dear, for the wind.

For age, I think, can boast no stars.

Come. We will go within. And shelter by the fire,

Behind closed doors.

SONGS

CHANSON DE LA VIE

IN the still old age of life,
With its even monotone,
With its freedom from all strife,
Dream we alone.

Lindens line the avenue,
Footsteps sound there and echo.
Vanished footsteps that we knew
Once long ago.

See the fires burning low.
Idle lies the wrinkled hand.
Much that we had longed to know,
We understand.

In the even of the heart,
Quiet to the young we seem.
We have played the active part,
Now we may dream.

THE MOONLIGHT SONG

SOFT moonlight, clear and white,
Closely the world is enfolding.
Slender trees sway in the breeze,
Rustling and muttering,
Quivering, fluttering.

Wind goes by, lull and sigh,
Stirring the leaves of the laurel trees.
Weal or woe, which does it blow
Through the night, on the breeze
Through the leaves of the trees?

A SONG OF LIFE

LOVE, said the little girl.

Life, said he.

Above the surge and swirl,

Sail with me.

Come where the roses grow.

Laugh when the wild winds blow.

O! let us come and go,

Endlessly.

Gone is the little girl.

Gone is he.

Gone is the crested swirl,

Calm the sea.

Sleep springs at end of day.

Rest lurks for grave and gay,

There comes to each, they say,

Death set free.

A SONG OF DEATH

THE moaning wind drives on the drifting snow,
Another soul is summoned hence to go,
To leave the things that he had come to know.

Life was his love, with long hours to be glad
He lived in them. The world was what he had.
This world, with all its treasures good and bad.

He hears no more the waves break on the sands.
He feels no more the clasp of loving hands.
No more, for him, the flowers of earth's fair lands.

The snow drifts on across the wintry sky.
Another soul has lived, but now must die.
And now his sword has fallen—let it lie.

THE SONG OF THE PASSION FLOWER

LOVE is the mist that floats over the sea.
Life is the wind that will blow it to me.
O when, or where?
What do I care?
Love is the song that I sing.

Song birds of love on the green leafy bough,
Sing to the flowers that are blossoming now.
Love comes apace,
Smiles in my face.
Heaven is fallen by me.

Passion's a flame that is sprung from the sun,
Wearing the heart that the conquest be won.
Hunger and thirst,
Human accursed,
That is the spell that I cast.

Quiet and white creeps the moon o'er the sky.
Feed it and fan it, or passion will die.
Love blown away,
Passion may stay,
Sad by the throb of the sea.

THE BALLAD OF THE BARGE

WHEN you hear the creaking timber and the straining of the barge,
When the mate has cut her moorings and she's off at length at large,
Then the ballad of her moving and the burden of her song,
Break and fall upon the quiet as she moves and strains along.

She has blown her siren whistle. Hauled the anchor that she cast.
She has finished now with loading, with her trip to make at last,
But the song her beams are singing as she rides upon the stream,
Is a song that has a burden like a ballad in a dream.

'Tis the burden of a billow that the wind has lashed to foam,
But the barge was built for quiet and from quiet dare not roam.

She is made for quiet waters and to venture is not free,
But abidden with her hawsers is a longing for the sea.

She has blown her siren whistle, drawn the anchor that she cast.
She has finished now with loading with her trip to make at last,

THE BALLAD OF THE BARGE

21

But the song her beams are creaking as she glides so
quietly,

Like a ballad with a burden and a longing for the sea.

POTPOURRI



THE WHITE BIRDS OF ENNUI

O VER the edge of the dawn,
Under the palms from the sea,
Sad by fatality drawn,
Come the white birds of ennui.

See them in plumage of white,
Strut on the green of the sward.
They who have left all delight,
Bringing their weary award.

See, the birds of lost pleasure,
Dull with the chill from the sea,
Wander heavy with leisure,
And colorless with ennui.

THE SPRING WIND

WHAT does the wind say,
As it blows above the town,
Damp with the rain of April
Driving over the down,
Free, neath the open sky,
The high blue sky of heaven,
What does the wind say on its way?

"Life," calls the spring wind.
"Come forth. Old winter is dead.
And the summer suns are loosed."
Then up from earth's brown bed
Smiled the hiding flowers
Glad to the spring and the call
Of the blowing wind, soft and kind.

AUTUMN

OUR leaves are faded.

And our little day has died.
And far away the summer dawn so fair.
The sun is shaded
And the birch leaves dried
Are falling in the frosty autumn air.

The grain is drying.
And our harvest day is done.
And the young life is going from the old.
The birds are flying
Following the sun,
But the birch trees are tremulous and cold.

BEYOND

IS there laughter over the hilltop?
"O Yes," said the sage. "Beyond,
Where the light dips down from heaven
Are the days of happiness found.
Beyond are the purple mountains.
And many there are who seek
The happiness above the clouds,
Past the hill with the purple peak."

PLACE VIGER

ONE morning, watching from my room,
I saw the dawn
Quicken the shadows in the gloom
And show the idlers in the square,
The night had sheltered, sleeping there.

The tulips shook their scarlet heads
Across the lawn,
That from their painted, wooden beds
In such a lonely, hopeless way,
These sleeping men should greet the day.

DEAD LEAVES

STAY. Though grey of the branch is showing,
And brown leaves fall and turn in the air,
Pause with a thought and stay your going,
Have a care.

Long the way and it has no turning,
Brown leaves will lie where the brown leaves fall,
Faithful the heart to early yearning,
After all.

Linger then though the grey grow dimmer,
And dead leaves float on a rising stream,
Linger on to the last rare glimmer
Of love's dream.

THY FRIEND

A SOUL spake: "The sun has lost its fever,
And there is one between me and the wind."
And it asked, "Can this be love that tempers
To my life the extremes of joy and pain?"
And one answered: "Lo, I will be with thee
While our two lives last. Yet call me not love,
For I ask nothing. Call me, but—thy friend."

THE EMPTY NEST

OVER the way, on the branches bare,
Swaying and swinging, a nest is there,
Built in the spring,
By birds that sing.
O empty nest in the autumn air,
Where are the builders, that built so fair?

They have sung their song and flown away.
The notes were sweet, yet they might not stay.
Over so soon,
Their honeymoon.
Swaying and swinging the nest is there,
That sheltered a passing bridal pair.

TOUT PASSE

SOME day, when the crest of life we have passed by
And we have breasted the high hill of fame,
Joy will be ours.
Thus spake my soul ; and then love came
And both her hands were full of flowers.
But I—I heeded not her sigh :

Saw not her parted lips, but went forth and on
To win the world and come to her again.
At last one dawn
I came, with riches in my train.
The street was silent and the blinds were drawn,
And my young love had gone—had gone.

SHADOWS

WHERE are the fairy footprints
That danced upon the lawn,
When youth had filled her wine cup
And life was at the dawn?

The stars peered through the pine trees,
The elves tripped from the wood,
The goblins led the fairies
In a wild, merry mood.

Seen from the nursery window,
Madly they danced till dawn.
Where are the fairy footprints
That danced upon the lawn?

IL NE FAUT PAS PENSER

IF the fire
Of your love
Should grow cold,
And the world,
Once so young,
Should seem old,
Il ne faut pas penser.

If the clouds
Hide the moon's
Silver beams:
Or a shade
Creep like death
On your dream,
Il ne faut pas penser.

If the stars
Have gone black
To your eyes,
And your heart
Soon may break,
You surmise,
Il ne faut pas penser.

MEMORIES

IT was only a cloud that the wind had blown
Across the summer sky,
And yet because of a love once known,
Of a fleeting joy that is long since flown,
It looked like an angel's wing on high
Trailing so light on the grey, blue sky.

It was only the perfume of wet pine trees
Moist with the dripping rain,
But it waked in my heart old ecstasies
As it came to me on a northern breeze,
Thrilling anew some forgotten strain,
Some wonder chord of a lost refrain.

O the shimmering webs of a far-off mist
Blown to the open sea.
Why do they bring back a night moon kissed:
The love we had and the life we missed;
Dusk and the night wind will take from me
The clouds that drift and tell of thee.

THE GREY WOLF

I SAW a little attic room,
Papered and clean and bare,
Where hope so gaily sewed in gloom,
Taking no thought, no care,
That all the time outside the door
An old grey wolf sat there.

I saw hope's lover hasten home
To rest at eventide.
And far—in fancy—did they roam,
Because their dream was wide.
They did not heed that by the door,
The grey wolf sat outside.

O you, who struggle with life to-day,
With the wolf outside your door,
Take hope in your heart and be glad and gay,
For where the wolf is, he may always stay,
Just outside as before.

LOVE THROUGH THE RAIN

QUICK. Like a butterfly on the clover,
Will-o'-the-wisp to the dark from the day,
Brush of a wing and then it is over
And gone. Away.

Soft. So is love with her sweet mouth smiling,
Haunting your dreaming the restless night through,
Leaving your heart with all her beguiling,
Heavy in you.

Gone. As a dream goes before your knowing,
With a poignant rapture akin to pain.
Gone in the wind, with the wind's swift going,
Love through the rain.

LES AMES PERDUES

THE world was mine," the Saviour said,
"All that thou seest here was mine,
And yet I had no resting place,
Or where to lay my head.

"I made and held the stars on high,
The sun and moon have worshipped me,
Yet I, God of horizons far,
Came down to earth to die.

"And you who live on earth a day,
Mortal born like wind and flowers,
Spend here your one hour seeking
What I have waved away."

THE LOVE OF YOUTH

YOUTH set a flower in a golden bowl,
For its petals to bloom and open wide,
But like spirit doomed, or a hungry soul,
It faded and drooped until it died.
Then youth wept. And the bowl grew old with years,
And the golden bowl brimmed o'er with tears.
When up from the tears grew a flower red,
"I am love," it said. "And I am not dead.
Wherever it is that I find a need,
I grow and I grow, like a wild, wild weed."
And age smiled. And her heart grew young again,
For the joy that was come from her old dull pain.

LOST DREAMS

AH! dreams of youth, companions who start with us
on life's way,
Grow weary with its roughness, one by one they fall
away,
And the frail company fades and is fewer and less gay.
Life bears us on its mighty current to the highest peak
For us. But when we pass, and cross the Rubicon to
seek
Above the vale of earth, heaven's meaning: then we may
see
Revealed within the warp and woof of our wrought tap-
estry,
The hidden secret of its finished fair emblazonrie.
Count it not lost—your early dream—the dream of long
ago,
The love withheld. The solace that you needed weal
or woe.
Life ends not here. Beyond. When you have burst
your prison bars
And stand at last upon the threshold, trembling, near the
stars,
The dream of long ago, you may regain, immortal soul,
Fashioned fair. Made perfect. Risen to be your aure-
ole.

LOST GODS

I TOOK my gods and hid them safe away,
That by the world they might untarnished be,
And then the restful night I spent as day,
Wasting my wayward moments fruitlessly.
Love, with youth and laughter and I took them,
Joyously with them filled my golden day.
Apples on the tree of life, I shook them
Until the blossoms fell and blocked my way.

Then knowing the grey branches grown too bare,
"To my safe gods, I will return," I said,
"To spend in peace the years that follow on,
Grey age immutable." Back then I sped,
Retraced my way and heard a voice somewhere
To say, "O soul, thy gods are long since gone."

WILD WINGS

SINCE we must part, let not the gloom of sadness
Dim our last hour with loneliness, or despair,
Let memory recall a ray of gladness
To our trembling lips and courage keep it there.

Since love must die, let us not cloud its glowing
With presages no fair future it may know,
Rather enhance his melancholy going
With forgotten riches that he once could show.

Wild wings beat slow, but when they turn a-homing,
Strong souls will ever love the unventured sky,
Wild hearts will stray and find their love through roam-
ing,
In the night wind pausing ere they say Good-bye.

THE FLYING GALLEONS

I LAY upon the earth and saw
The flying galleons in the sky.
I lay and dreamed that in some ship
Sailed you and I,
Wrapped in the clouds, the passing clouds,
That drifted by.

They were the mists, the rising mists,
That but so lately fell as rain,
Drawn upwards from the earth back to
God's house again.
I saw the sun enfold and lure
Them in his train.

And then a veil o'erspread the sky
To hide all timid souls from sight:
Reluctant ones, who venture forth,
But dread their flight.
I saw the net that draws the dead
Into the night.

And as in sleep at night I dream
The galleon clouds are drifting by.
I know above our little life
That you and I
Some day will rise beyond ourselves
High as the sky.

FAREWELL

O FARE thee well. The day is here at last,
That each must go his way, alone, apart.
Our little tale of love is told and past.
Ah go. The yesterday that bound my heart
To yours is gone. Lips will not warm at will.
We do but journey to another place
To live again. Our dream goes with us still.
Each bears in memory the other's face.
All this I know— And yet there lies a chill
That will not lift, or rise from off my soul.



SILHOUETTES



PEPPINA

PEPPINA wears a dress of gold to-night.
Above the rising smoke of cigarette,
Beyond the flicker of the pale footlight,
I see Peppina poise and pirouette.

Powdered and rouged, with cherry lips divine,
Dancing in quite the maddest, wildest way,
But 'neath her eyes there lies a weary line,
And I—I know Peppina is not gay.

Ah! dance, Peppina, poise and pirouette
And please and captivate the watching throng,
That in their admiration you forget
A life like yours—may never last too long.

FLEUR DE LYS

SOMETIMES between the darkness and the dawn,
There shines one pale, reluctant, silver star,
Until by vanished moonlight it is drawn
To follow where the other planets are.

Sometimes across the sleep of poppies red
A gentle presence comes and goes near me,
And on my life a luminance is shed,
A softness from the soul of Fleur de Lys.

For Fleur de Lys is more than women are.
Her feet in Lotus leaves she stands and seems
To linger near us like the morning star
And bring us peace and tenderness and dreams.

O in night's fields the fitful poppies flame,
And through their sleep a softness comes to me,
When the west wind is whispering her name,
The sweet and gentle name of Fleur de Lys.

AT THE CAFÉ DUVAL

IT was long ago on the boulevard
In a café called Duval,
That you held your court, where the tables are
In the middle, upper salle.

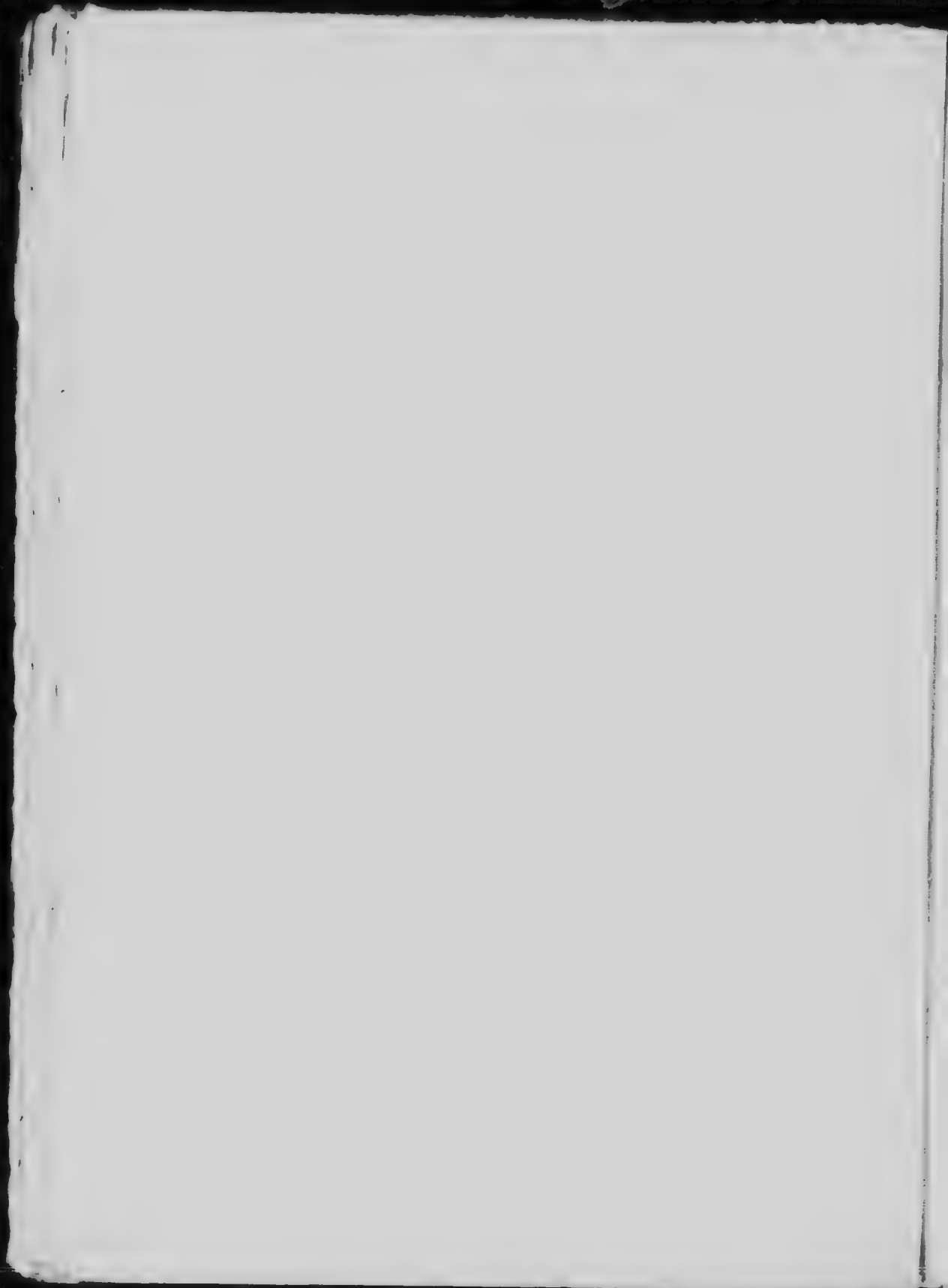
O Marie Louise you had gold for hair,
With the blue of heaven for eyes,
And a row of pearls for teeth, my dear,
And the world to make you wise.

For yours was the beauty of earth, Marie,
Your courtiers were commercants,
There was old Bessier and young Pellagie,
And then there was Dudevant.

The tide flowed by on the gay boulevard
And paused and entered and then—
Your courtiers became as all courtiers are—
A rabble of hungry men.

And some of them called you a good waitress,
Or a rose from Normandie,
And some of them called you Imperatrice,
But one there called you Marie.

The tide flows by on the gay boulevard,
But no one there now can tell,
Where Marie Louise and her courtiers are—
The waitress who loved too well.



FLOWERS

THE GARDEN OF LILIES

BEYOND the realm of our clear consciousness,
There is a dimmer garden of the soul,
Where lilies lean upon the balustrade
And on the marble steps red roses roll.

In its enclosure where great silence is,
When echo dies beyond the distant sky,
And wavering sound will faint and enter not—
Wan souls emerge and dream and then pass by.

In the dim garden of the infinite,
Shy souls hold commune in the misty night,
But at the dawn of day to commonplace,
Back to their human form take instant flight.

The lilies lean upon the marble stair.
There is no wind to stir the quiet sky.
And there the souls of women young and fair
Emerge and drift and dream and then pass by.

POPPIES

OH! some want rosemary
And others call for rue,
And the wise ask pansies
With their gentle thoughts, too:

But give me a poppy
And a deep peaceful sleep,
When the heart stops aching
And the eyes cannot weep.

EDELWEISS

FIELDS of the farthest north,
Where the winter flowers grow,
Where the hope of summer lies
Under the sparkling snow.

Gone is the waving grain,
Buried the rose bush low;
Lost till it blooms again,
When the summer blossoms blow.

Fields of the farthest north,
Hearts that are old with woe,
Open to love again,
Whether it stay or go.

MOONGLOW

I FOUND young love in a moondrift
Where the banks of the night lie low,
And the leafy paths of the forest are
Bathed in a shining glow.

I said, "Ere shadows take you,
Or the overblown roses fall,
O loosen thy bonds and away with me,
Come to my need and call."

I dreamed my love went with me
Through the shade of the night's dark air,
But the glow of the moondrift was lost then
In the fall of her hair.

